

WOMAN'S HUMANITY TO WOMAN SHOWN IN WAR SERVICE

By NINA CARTER MARBOURG

WAR SERVICE!" The words carry an urgent appeal even to the most indifferent—an appeal that has been answered by thousands of women and girls throughout the United States. They are knitting the whole available wool supply into soldier comforts, besieging the Red Cross for a chance to do nursing and relief work, volunteering for arduous occupations that men may be released for military duty, watching the ways of the household that the food supply may be made to go around. Now opens a new field, one of great importance—the question of the duty of women toward women whose condition has been affected by the war.

To meet this demand the Young Women's Christian Association has formed a league that covers several very important activities. First comes the War Work Council, organized on June 6, with a board of one hundred women. Then came the Junior War Work Council, out of which has grown the Patriotic League, the establishment of the Hostess Houses, the installation of methods for proper housing of women working in and near the camps, and the work among the non-English-speaking women affected by the war.

THE HOSTESS HOUSE AND WHAT IT MEANS

The first move made by this council was the opening of the Hostess House at Plattsburg. It has been a success, as shown by the fact that it is now self-supporting and paying salaries. Other Hostess Houses have since been established at request of the commandants of various forts. These now completed are at Plattsburg; Allentown, Penn.; Fort Worth, Tex.; Fort Riley, Kansas, and Youngstown, N. Y. A waiting list for twenty-five more houses is under consideration. Some of the houses under construction are at sites suggested by trained workers. Eight other requests have come in since the making of the first list.

But just what is this Hostess House that has met with such success? And what is done in such a house?

In the first place, it is a large frame structure, built for summer and winter use, with a big, welcoming fireplace where on chill days a fire of logs burns and crackles cheerily. The interior is made as pleasant and inviting as can be managed, and refreshments are always ready for guests—tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, sandwiches and cakes. In some instances cafeterias have been established.

Now, start on an imaginary journey. To some it may not be imaginary, but one that has been experienced time and again in the last few months. But start, nevertheless, from the station at home, full of enthusiasm to see your brother, son, sweetheart or friend in one of the camps.

You will find the camp, but may have a difficult time in finding the particular soldier you have come to see. There are some thousands of them. You may be tired, hungry, ill. There is no place where you can find accommodations to alleviate such troubles; no woman about to speak with; nothing but men. You feel strange and shy; your courage begins to droop, but determined you are to see the one you came for.

Finally you find him. But where is there a place to sit down and chat and rest? Perhaps it is raining. You begin to feel in your heart that the glory of a soldier's life has many strange moments in it—many moments that need courage to rise above mere petty discomforts in which there is no glory at all. You feel quite depressed.

But that was before the establishment of the Hostess House. The workers of the Y. W. C. A. are established at the camps to answer the questions of visitors who come to the camps. The minutes slip by almost unnoticed



Hostess House at Madison Barracks, Sackett Harbor, N. Y.

as the woman visitor, free from bewilderment, anxiety or embarrassment, sits in the pleasant room of the Hostess House, chatting with one of the workers, while the alert secretary at the desk is searching the files and telephoning to find the quickest way to bring the boy from his mess or his quarters.

The need of emergency housing for women employed in towns near camps, where many have gone to reap a harvest in the high rate of wages and where large industrial centres have sprung up, is a big problem needing careful treatment.

When a worker from the War Work Council went to Charleston to make investigations the conditions were found to be deplorable. Here were hundreds of girls and women working from 7:30 o'clock in the morning until 7:30 o'clock at night. The women work in ten-hour shifts, one shift by day and one shift by night, in buildings which have no fans, no screens, no rest rooms. Such a condition was intolerable, and with the sudden influx of labor the question of housing the women workers adequately and safely confronted the authorities.

To this end the commandant of the navy yard and the officers of the Young Women's Christian Association worked together. The result is that each woman employed in the navy yard is turned over to the Y. W. C. A. workers, and through their efforts is placed in a good family home in the city. Think what this is meaning to hundreds of women in Charleston, and as this work progresses what this will mean to hundreds of others employed in other centres.

About seven hundred women are employed in the factories, and it is said that several hundred more are going to Charleston. Half of the seven hundred women and girls have come from the outlying districts and have never before been in a large city.

They are earning more money than ever before—from \$15 to \$25 a week. Any thinking person can see what danger may lie in this unaccustomed money and freedom for the unprotected country girl in a large city, where bright lights and pleasures call to her.

This problem also the Y. W. C. A. is meeting. Not only have the workers considered the quartering of the girls, but have not forgotten for a moment that pleasure of a healthful sort is a mighty good thing for one after a day's work in a busy factory.

To meet this necessity a recreation house has been erected and equipped on Sullivan's Island, a pleasure resort near Charleston. There the girls meet and pass many a happy hour. No objection is made to their meeting their men friends here. The recreation rooms

are built to provide proper places for such meeting and to make everybody happy and comfortable.

It would seem that the branches of the War Work Council are spreading to all corners of the country where work may be done in any way whatever to relieve strange conditions—social, economic or industrial—caused by the war in the lives of women. The Patriotic League of the Y. W. C. A. is formed by members of the Junior War Work Council. The work lies among the young girls, and already

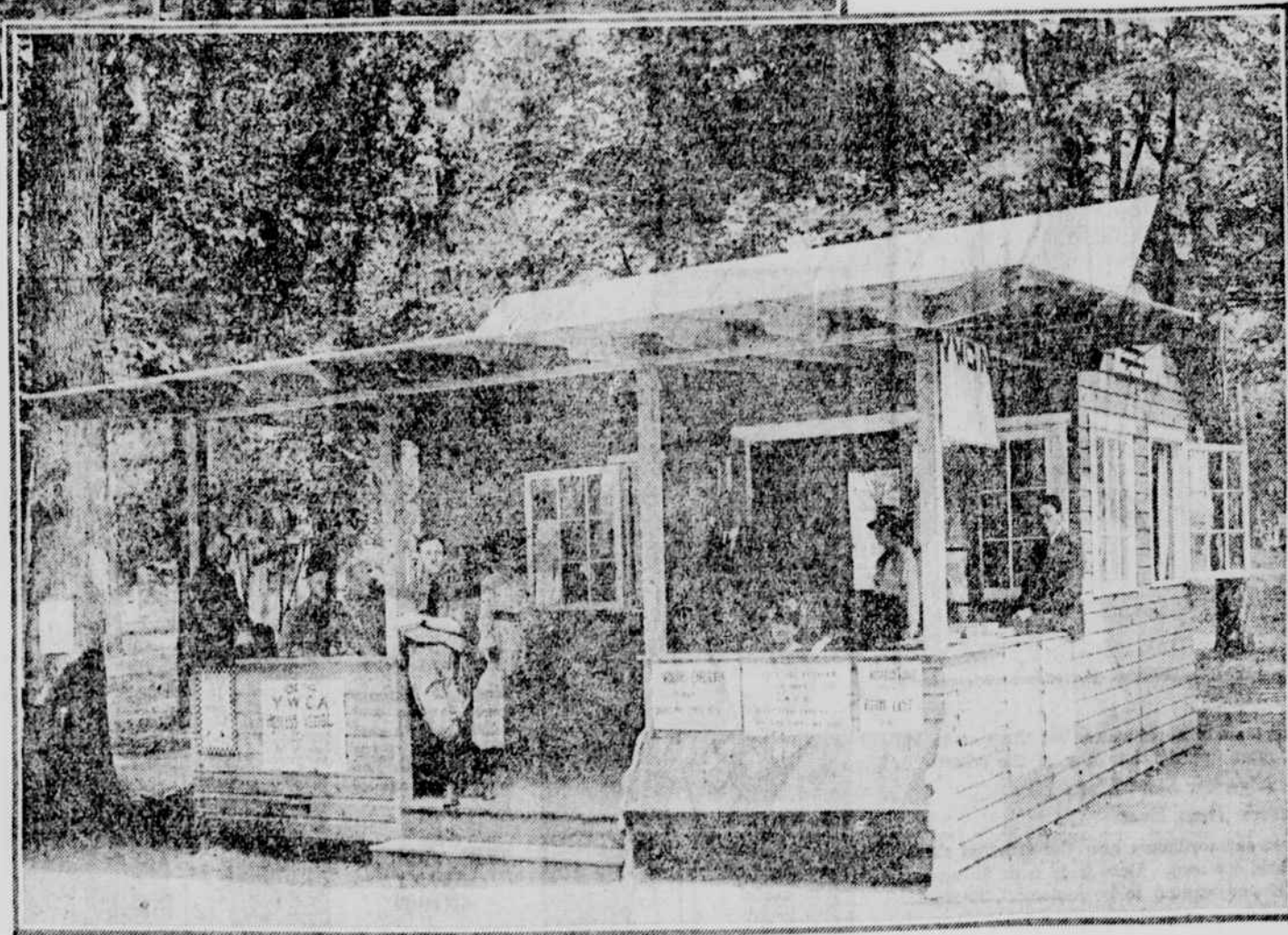
more than eleven thousand buttons have been sent out for members of the league.

It is considered by the workers a special privilege to so direct the spirit of youth and patriotism that it may be a power and not a danger in these days of trial.

An interesting story is told by a worker in the South who went to her league club meeting and found only two of the large membership of girls present. She was told that the girls were "down at the station to see the soldiers go away."

Going there, she found the girls on the platform, being showered with white papers, in which were written the names and addresses of the soldiers. The game they were playing was to see which girl would secure the largest number of the papers.

When the girls got back to the club the chief topic of conversation was of writing to the boys, who would be "so lonely." Right there was work for the secretary, and she began immediately to interest these girls in making comfort kits, Red Cross supplies; in getting their minds from the burning necessity of writing immediately to "the boys" and in directing them into safer channels of patriotic expression.



This Hostess House Built and Managed by the Y. W. C. A., at Allentown, Penn., cost only \$588. Ask the Soldier Boys and Their Visitors How Much It Means to Them

Another branch of the work lies with the non-English-speaking women.

Does it ever occur to you that thousands of foreign women have been struggling ever since the outbreak of the war to join their husbands in this country? It is true, and it is also true and tragic that many of them on coming to America find that the husband has been drafted. A report from the Pacific Coast brings the news that there is an ever-increasing number of Russian Jews coming in

"GRUB-STAKING THE ALLIES"

WHEN you "grub-stake a pal," encourage him to venture out on a dangerous trail and promise to provide him with the wherewithal to see him through, you carry out your end of the bargain if you die for it. There isn't a horse thief in the West who would go back on such a promise. We have grub-staked the Allies. This is one of the Hoover Commission slogans and it rings true. The Allies are depending on us for food, even more than for men.

The drive that is to start on Monday to enlist every woman in New York in the Hoover Conservation Army is the organization of woman's part in this essential movement.

All can help, whether they order at home or order in a hotel or cafe.

We have picked up this log and we cannot drop it. The men must carry one end—governing production and distribution and, as far as may be under war conditions, the price of food.

The women's end of the log is to buy wisely, with an eye both to the health of the family and wise conservation by skillful serving, minimizing waste and cutting down or cutting out the use of the great staples—beef, wheat and sugar—which can most effectively and efficiently be sent abroad.

You are not asked to share the deprivations of our allies. You are only asked to use both heart and head in buying, serving and eating sanely, that we may keep our word and grub-stake our allies with the surplus saved.

Have a cordial welcome ready for the drafting officer when she calls on you, and she will do that this week.

ANNE LEWIS PIERCE.

through Angel Island these days—mostly women.

These women must be taken care of, so a branch of the War Work Council for the non-English-speaking women has been formed. Then there is the work of aiding the foreign-language-speaking women who are found in the districts of camps. If it is difficult and often dangerous, from a moral standpoint, for the English-speaking girl or woman under such conditions, what must it be for these women?

A special worker in this field, Miss Helen Belknap, has been secured, and already eight American-foreign language service bureaus have been established.

Women all over the country are interested in the work of the council, among them Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Mrs. Robert Lansing and Mrs. Baker. Representative women who know well the need of the country at this time have given much thought and aid to the projects of the War Work Council.

Every one of the projects is working, has passed the experimental stage and has come to stay. When peace has once more settled down over the world the Hostess House will remain in many places a social centre; the emergency housing work will become an established thing in industrial centres where hundreds of women are employed; the Patriotic League will turn its work into other channels where aid is needed, and the work among non-English-speaking women will meet a great and pressing need in our polyglot communities.

OH, WOMAN!—(With Apologies to Briggs)—SIXTY CENTS WITH WINE

By ELEN FOSTER

(Being the conversation of a suburban wife initiating her matter-of-fact husband into the joys of Bohemia.)

HIS is the house, Alec. There's no sign because it's private and they have no license, and you can't go in unless they know you. Maybe it does sound queer to you, but you just wait! Of course, it won't be "pinched"! No, you don't give any signal, you just pull that iron thing, and they open the door.

"Ah, bon soir, Mademoiselle! Let's go right through into the garden. Now, isn't this the best place that you ever saw, Alec? This

was just an ordinary backyard, and they roofed it in and fixed it up. Isn't it sweet? And so much atmosphere! I don't smell any garlic. You have no sentiment, Alec. Now, to me this atmosphere is wonderful. I just love everything Bohemian.

"Let's sit in that corner, where we can see everybody. In a place like this the atmosphere and the people mean so much more to me than the food. No, you wouldn't feel that way. Sometimes I think you have no soul. But the food is wonderful, too, and the wine is thrown in—all for 60 cents—I can't see how they can do it with everything so high.

"O, there's Madame. Bon soir, Madame. Comment vous portez vous, ce soir? Ah, bien! Il est marié, Madame!

"Isn't it wonderful how your French comes back to you in a place like this! I suppose it's the atmosphere. I just forget my English completely. Isn't Madame fascinating? I wouldn't call it 'fat'; it's *embonpoint* in French—sounds so much more refined. I do think French is the loveliest language!

"Now, Alec, don't begin a fuss. We'll be served presently. Let's be real Bohemians and have a cocktail—they're only 10 cents here.

"Garçon, deux cocktails, Martini, s'il vous plait and servez le diner tout de suite.

"Alec, don't turn now, but when you get a chance, look at the second table on your right and see that fascinating woman. I'm sure she's some one from the Opera. Clara told me the day she brought me here to lunch that they often come here. Isn't it exciting?

"Here are the cocktails. Well, *Vive la Bohème!* All right, 'Here's how!' But I do wish that you had a little bit of temperament. 'Here's how' sounds so bar-roomy.

"No, dear, those are not samples, those are the hors d'oeuvres. Well, it may look like bologna, but it's quite different. It's a rare Italian sausage called 'Salami'—no, not Salome, 'Salami.' Raw, nothing! That's a Spanish pepper. You cut them all up together, olives and all, and it's perfectly delicious. Why, that's the butter, of course. What if it is thin? You can always ask for more. *Garçon, du beurre, s'il vous plait.*

"There, now eat your soup. That is real French 'pot au feu,' you can always tell it by the bits of bread swimming about in it. Hot water! That's your jaded palate, Alec; you can't taste anything that isn't seasoned to

death. This is delicious and so nourishing! 'Alec, he's holding her hand and gazing right into her eyes. I think it's too exciting! Now, where would you ever see anything like that? Park benches! Alec, how can you say such things? That is real temperament!

"There's your fish. Let's have red wine, it looks so pretty in the glasses. My dear, I only wish that you had the temperament to enjoy this as I'm enjoying it. Well, *Vive la Bohème!* Don't you like your wine? That comes of drinking the stuff that you do at the Country Club; you can't appreciate anything delicate.

"Alec! I saw her full face and it's Geraldine Farrar! She looks just as she did in 'Carmen' in the 'movies.' O, Alec, how exciting! That isn't her husband, though, he's very handsome and has a smooth face; this is probably another opera singer. Do you suppose her husband knows that she's having dinner with this man? Alec, what do you think? O, I am so thrilled!

"Anybody would think that you hadn't had a bite to eat all day. Why don't you eat your fish? If I'll find out its name, will you eat it? *Garçon, c'est ça c'est!* Of course, 'raie,' that's 'skate' in English. No, I suppose it isn't the kind of skate that you know about. Sometimes I think your jokes are positively common. I don't think that's a bit funny. It's delicious with 'au beurre noir.' Try it. O, very well, only you say that you're hungry, and you refuse to eat a thing.

"Alec, he's leaning over and his arm is around the back of her chair. And she just married! My goodness!

"Do you see that man at the table in the corner? I've seen his pictures in the magazines heaps of times. Now, who is he—he's some noted war correspondent—O, I know, it's Will Irwin! See, he has discovered some one that he knows. That man opposite—now, who is he? I've seen him somewhere, he's an actor—just let me think—it isn't Faversham or Sothorn or John Drew. O, I know, it's George Arliss—Disraeli—you know. Don't be silly; of course, I'm sure it isn't President Wilson!

"Alec, just think of our eating night after night at the Manor all by ourselves when we might be seeing people like that. Of course, the Manor is lovely and as you say 'respect-

able,' but my soul just craves this sort of life. You can't understand it, of course—all right, I'll tell him!

"*Garçon, apportez-vous le viande, maintenant, s'il vous plait.* What would the Manor people say if they could see us here? Alec, what do you think! Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery are sitting just behind Geraldine Farrar! Did you ever? There, she sees us! She's telling him! He's coming over! So is she!

"Well, this is a surprise! Who would have thought of meeting you folks here, of all places! You do? It's Mr. Folsom's first visit, but I have been here to lunch several times. I adore it, but then I love anything Bohemian, anyway.

"My dear, have you noticed the woman in the big green hat? Do you recognize her? Well, my dear, it's Geraldine Farrar! And she just married. As I said to Alec, 'Vive la Bohème,' 'Live and let live.' And you must make allowances for the artistic temperament. 'And, my dear, over in the corner is Will Irwin, just back from the war zone. And the man he is talking to is Arliss, 'Disraeli,' you know. I suppose there are loads of other celebrities that we don't recognize. Isn't it thrilling? Must you? Well, I'm so glad that we saw you. Au revoir.

"What were you and Mr. Montgomery talking about, Alec? What kind of a date? Well, you needn't tell me, I'm not a bit curious. 'Here's the piece de resistance, Alec! It is not a sparrow, it's a quab and very dainty and delicious. Isn't it lovely not to have to bother to order, but just have course follow course, and never know what's coming next? I do adore a table d'hôte. But you're not eating your quab. Don't you worry about breaking the game laws. It is delicious! No, it isn't exactly hearty, but after all we've had before we don't need anything very hearty.

"Alec! He kissed her! Just leaned right over and kissed her! You're going? Don't be silly! We haven't had our dessert. Right in public, did you ever? Isn't that the real artistic temperament? Never mind what you call it!

"*Garçon, le dessert, maintenant.* Drink your wine, dear. Just think, all this for 60 cents! There, you know you like ice cream. No, it's not *papier maché*. Taste it; it's real French ice cream, and the coffee is delicious. Madame is coming over; be nice to her.

"Le diner est tres excellent, Madame. Ma marié est charmant—et—et—il aime vous diner. O, Madame, je vue Madame Farrar là, n'est ce pas?

"Really! Well, I never! Alec, she says that isn't Geraldine Farrar at all. It's a lady from Cincinnati that comes to New York twice a year to buy ladies' suits for some shop. Well, did you ever! I can see now that she hasn't the refinement of Geraldine Farrar. She must be a queer sort of person that would let a strange man kiss her in public. I wonder Madame allows such people here. What are you laughing at? Do drink your coffee. French coffee is always bitter; that's what makes it so different from our horrid American stuff.

"*Madame, les hommes opposé, là. Connaissez-vous?* 'Well, I declare! She says that the one that I thought was Will Irwin keeps the stationery shop around the corner, and the Arliss one is the undertaker over on Sixth Avenue. Well, all I can say is that I never saw such wonderful likenesses! No, I don't see the Kaiser anywhere, and I don't think that's a bit funny.

"*Garçon, l'addition, s'il vous plait.* And you give him only 10 cents. That's all the tip he expects. Why, Alec, the Montgomerys are coming. What date? Alec! Do you mean to tell me that after eating all that enormous dinner you and George Montgomery are going up to Jack's?"



"I saw her full face, and it's Geraldine Farrar! She looks just as she did in 'Carmen' in the 'movies!'"



"Isn't it wonderful how your French comes back to you in a place like this! I just forget my English completely!"